

## Eddy Current.

WM. H. MULLANE, Publisher.

EDDY, . . . . . S. M.

Cyclones have been coming so thick that we have lost their number.

It may soon be wings against wheels. Then we'll fly instead of scorch.

The farmers are now gunning for chinch bugs; and some of them for gold bugs.

Boston's fifty divorcees in six hours would indicate a vast domestic hubbub at the Hub.

The girl Queen of Holland rises at 7 in the morning. Are we to suppose that in winter she also builds the fire?

The watermelon, it is said, grows wild all over Africa. The African, it is well known, grows wild over the watermelon.

We must commend Lieutenant Peery as the most successful polo-chaser because he says he is never going to hunt the polo again.

The new kind of Millerite calls the Brooklyn bridge to judgment. He says it will die of corrosion and rust in about five hundred years. This lets out the moth.

It is well that Yamagata and Li Hung Chang do not meet in this country. Probably there would be no war; but the Chinaman, though good at running, is not a champion.

"You can't leap across a puddle in two jumps," says the *Elmira Gazette*. Here is one of those cases in which nature didn't do the square thing by us. We have long so regarded it.

Following the plan to check bicycles at the church comes the scheme of Rev. Dr. Crane of Chicago to offer a free lunch of lemonade and ginger snaps as an inducement to people to come out and listen to the sermon. It is thought the lemonade scheme will not work, because there's nothing in it.

A mad dog passed through Mt. Vernon, Ind., biting many cattle. State Veterinary Inspector and several doctors of the state live stock commission made an investigation and found several genuine cases of hydrophobia. A. Breiner was compelled to kill and burn thirteen fine Jersey cows and several calves.

The barbarous custom still exists among the Brahmins in India, of marrying young girls to old men that wander about the country in order that no family shall suffer the disgrace of having unmarried daughters. While he lives the girls can marry no one else, and when he dies they are his widows.

An authority says that they think in Spain that the Cuban rebellion must be crushed if every drop of Spanish blood is spilled in the effort. But men who talk that way do not join the Spanish army. They are doubtless brave enough, but the convicts and the poor and the very young men who compose the army are the ones selected to lose the necessary gore. They talk to be noticed, but they fight by substitute. The last drop and the last ditch are old humbugs.

Mayor Schott is struggling to determine whether or not a firecracker is a musical instrument. This problem arises from the giving of an open air concert in the park. The musicians concluded their evening's performance with the national hymn, "America," and in order to give the selection according to the score, detailed two of their number to shoot off firecrackers. Their is a city ordinance authorizing band concerts to be given in the park, and also one forbidding the exploding of firecrackers. The firecrackers exploded, and a bold policeman arrested the musicians. They have pleaded not guilty, and will have a jury trial.

The imports of rice into the United States for the eight months ending March 1 were 45,043 short tons, as against 64,087 tons during the same time the previous year. Included in this were 22,355 tons of clean rice, against 28,792 tons during the same time the year before. There were 21,090 tons of rice flour, rice meal and broken rice imported, as against 23,441 tons the year before. The notable feature of these imports is the falling off in the imports of cleaned rice from 25,792 tons in 1894-95 to 22,355 tons during the same period in 1895-96. The decrease at which home-grown rice has been selling seem to have had the effect of diminishing the imports of competing rice to the extent of some 16,000 tons. Our annual consumption of rice, domestic and foreign, is estimated at about 100,000 to 110,000 tons. These reduced imports would seem to indicate a comparatively bare rice market this summer and better prices than last year when the new crop shall begin to come in.

Ex-Mayor Cobb of Goshen, Ind., is stated to have found a live snake in a soft-boiled egg he was about to eat for his breakfast. This remarkable snake story would be hard to believe were it not for the fact that the ex-mayor called in the neighbors to verify the phenomenal discovery.

Miss Russell contracts with her managers to pay a fine of fifty thousand dollars if she marries within a year. Genius has its hardships. It is very pathetic to think of this lady weeping her eyes out every twenty minutes.



### POREUPINE QUILLS.

They Work Their Way Into the Flesh in a Distressing Way.

The quill of a porcupine is like a bad habit; if it once gets hold it constantly works deeper and deeper, though the quill has no power of motion in itself; it is the live, active flesh that draws it in by means of the barbed point. One day my boy and I encountered a porcupine on the top of one of the Catskills, and we had a little circus with him; we wanted to wake him up and make him show a little excitement if possible. Without violence or injury to him we succeeded to the extent of making his eyes fairly stand out from his head, but quicken his motion he would not—probably could not.

What astonished and alarmed him seemed to be that his quills had no effect upon his enemies; they laughed at his weapons. He stuck his head under a rock and left his back and tail exposed. This is the porcupine's favorite position of defense. "Now come if you dare," he seems to say. Touch his tail and like a trap it springs up and strikes your hand full of little quills. The tail is the active weapon of defense; with this the animal strikes. It is the outpost that delivers its fire before the animal is touched. It is doubtless this fact that has given rise to the popular notion that the porcupine can shoot its quills, which of course it cannot do.

With a rotten stick we sprang at the animal's tail again and again, till his supply of quills began to run low, and the creature grew uneasy. "What does this mean?" he seemed to say. Touch his tail and like a trap it springs up and strikes your hand full of little quills. The tail is the active weapon of defense; with this the animal strikes. It is the outpost that delivers its fire before the animal is touched. It is doubtless this fact that has given rise to the popular notion that the porcupine can shoot its quills, which of course it cannot do.

When you come suddenly upon the porcupine in his native haunts, he draws his head back and down, puts up his shield, trails his broad tail, and waddles slowly away. His shield is the sheet of larger quills upon his back, which he opens and spreads out in a circular form so that the whole body is quite hidden beneath it. "The Porcupine," by John Burroughs, in *St. Nicholas*.

### Homage Paid to "Sky Stones."

Because they come from meteors, bodies that fall in this way are called meteorites; and for very many years past all the meteorites which have been seen to fall, or could be found, have been carefully kept, so that they may be studied. We know, too, that they have fallen in earlier times as well, because the histories of nearly all ancient peoples contain accounts of such occurrences, and of the homage paid to the "sky stones" by those who thought them gifts from the gods, or miraculous objects. It is probable that the so-called goddess Diana who was worshipped by the people of Ephesus was a meteoric stone.

A mass of iron which proved to be a meteorite was found in Texas a few years ago, at the crossing of a number of trails leading in different directions. It was learned that it had been set up by the Indians as a fetish, or object of worship; and whoever passed by was expected to leave upon it beads, arrowheads, tobacco, or other articles as offerings, since it was regarded as having come from the Great Spirit. Another, which fell in India some years ago, was kept decked with flowers and daily incensed, and frequently worshipped with great ceremony. There is preserved to this day in the parish church of Koeslheim, Alsace, Germany, a stone weighing over two hundred pounds, which fell in the town Nov. 10, 1302. The king, being near at the time, had the stone carried to the castle, and after breaking off two pieces, one for himself and the other for the Duke of Silesium, ordered the remainder to be kept in the church as a miraculous object; and it still hangs there, suspended by a chain from the vault of the choir. "Shooting Stars that Reach the Earth," by Oliver C. Farrington, in *St. Nicholas*.

### Tomb of Pocahontas.

Beyond these "Woods and Shores" we come to a grand park a thousand acres or more in extent, full of old oaks, under which are breeding herds of deer, and through the park a long avenue of stately elm stretches in a straight vista to an ancient hall. This is Colonial Hall and Park, belonging to Lord Darnley. We may remember that it is described in "Pickwick Papers," where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass pass it going to the Leather Bottle Tavern.

Soon we are in Colonial Village and arrive at the same old Leather Bottle Tavern. We pass through a narrow hall, and we are ushered into a dark, low-ceilinged room. Here Dickens used to sit and study the guests. How many of his unique characters must have passed, all unconsciously, under his deep-seated gaze in this old room, for here he would make notes as he sat in silence. Here, too, he made the Pickwick Club to meet. The walls of the room are now adorned with Dickens's quaint sketches of Dickens's characters, with newspaper prints and articles of the time, and with many portraits of Dickens and his family.

Strangely enough, the only two pictures in the room not relating to Dickens are portraits of the American actress, Mary Anderson.

Before we leave the inn we write our names in the "ladies' book." It is growing late, and we hurry back. It is still a beautiful walk, and after five miles we are again in Gravesend. Entering the town by the Pelham road, we come to the White Post Tavern, and must needs to contemplate another spot of interest. Beside the tavern is a little, rectangular yard, well covered with grass and surrounded with a flower-border. In the middle is a circular flower-bed filled with white tulips, with a solitary rose-bush in the center. Nothing further marks this spot, and few know that it has special interest; yet under that sod is the tomb of Pocahontas.

In the parish register of old St. Martin's church, which once stood there, is entered:

"1617, Mary 21st, Rebecca Wroth, wife of Thomas Wroth, Gent., a Virginia Lady borne, was buried in ye churchyard."

There is a mistake in the name Thomas, for it should be John. "Mary" is old style for May.

Strange was the fate of Pocahontas! A savage maiden from the primeval forests of America, who died among the civilized white people she loved, far from the land of her birth.

"A Stroll in the Garden of England," by Lieut. John M. Elliott, U. S. N., in *St. Nicholas*.

### Bird That Has a Decided Preference for Human Prey.

In the canon of Urat a woman was living in 1834 who had been carried off by a lammergeier, or Alpine vulture, when a baby. At Hundwil, in the canton of Appenzel, a child was carried off in sight of her parents. On the Mileralp a vulture attacked a little boy who was watching sheep, seated on a rock, and had time to knock him over the edge of the cliff before the shepherds could drive the bird away. At Murren, above the valley of Lauterbrunnen, a vulture carried an infant to an inaccessible rock opposite the village and devoured it. But the most striking instance of the child-devouring tendency of these birds occurred in the Bernese Oberland. A child three years old, called Anne Zurbuchen, was taken up to the high Alp at hay-making time and left asleep while the father fetched a load of hay. He returned to find the child gone. At the same time another peasant, called Henri Michel, was coming up the mountain by a rough path when he heard a child cry. At the same time he saw a lammergeier rise and sail away. Running up to the place he found the little girl, unhurt except for wounds in the arm and left hand, where the bird had clutched her. She had lost her socks, shoes and cap while being transported by the bird, the distance traversed being about 350 yards. The facts were all entered in the parish archives of the village of Hakeren, and the girl, who lived to be an old woman, was always known as "Geler-Annel."—*London Spectator*.

### How to Open a Book.

William Matthews, in his treatise on "Modern Bookbinding Practically Considered," gives the following suggestive hints on this subject, which are well worthy of attention by all lovers of beautiful books:

"Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in the hand while you open a few leaves at the front and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections, until you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place, and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back; if it does not yield to gentle opening, rely upon it the back is too tightly or strongly lined. A comely-looking, many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office, where I had an expensive book just brought from the bindery, ready to be sent home to him, before my eyes, took hold of the volume, and, tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center, and exclaimed: 'How beautifully your bindings open!' I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume and it had to be rebound."

### A Head for Figures.

Secretary Morton believes that he has among the assistant statisticians of his force one man who is little less than a wonder as a "figgerer." The man's name is Henry Farquhar, and rumors of his ability in mental arithmetic having been in circulation for some time, the secretary the other day put the matter to a test. "Mr. Farquhar," said the secretary, "I have heard you can multiply ten figures in your head. Is that so?" "Well," replied the assistant statistician modestly, "I am willing to try." "Then multiply 2,683,104 by 473," said Secretary Morton. Mr. Farquhar had the figures repeated to him, and then he concentrated his mind upon them. For a half minute or so he looked like a man in a trance. Then he seized a pencil and a piece of paper and hurriedly wrote down the figures, "1,271,944,772." "Now, let us see if that is right," said Secretary Morton, and one of the bright young men of the Secretary's office carefully and laboriously worked out the sum. "Mr. Farquhar's figures are wrong," he announced. "I think not," replied the modern Zerah Coburn, "and you had better go over your work again." The young man did so, and in a few minutes admitted he had made an error and that Mr. Farquhar was right.—*Washington Letter*.

### Horse Fed by an Alarm Clock.

An ingenious man has invented a device for feeding his horse, and he does it with one of the ordinary alarm clocks. For instance, if the horse is to have his morning feed of grain at 5 o'clock the alarm is set, and when the morning comes the horse gets his breakfast before his owner's eyes are open. It is so arranged that the alarm pulls the slide, letting the grain run through a sluice to the manger.—*Ibid.*

## IN WOMAN'S CORNER.

### INTERESTING READING FOR DAMES AND DAMSELS.

Current Notes of the Modes—What to Do When the Doctor Is Not Near—Air in the Room—Hints for the Household.



It is so much an easier matter to appear well-dressed in summer than in winter. Materials cost less and are infinitely more lovely, while the duffy, airy styles are more generally becoming than the severe modes of the winter. Batiste is in high favor for hand-some street gowns. In a costume of this material one always may feel perfectly gowned, but not overdressed, even with silken lining, since it always shows in gleams of color through the goods. Plain batiste is used for the body of most of these gowns. It combines so beautifully with the embroidery and lends itself so sweetly to the decoration of ribbons of silk.

A fetching gown is made up of plain batiste over a foundation of sky-blue tulle. The material of the skirt is plain and quite transparent, showing the color of the silk through. The bodice is in blouse effect, of the plain stuff, with a ripple attachment set in squares of embroidery and caught to the waist by folds of turquoise blue velvet. A huge shoulder collar of embroidered batiste, cut also in large squares, is a handsome addition, with its folds of turquoise blue satin. A high stock of blue velvet sets off the neck.

### STREET DRESS.



The sleeves are full bishops, made up of all over embroidery.

### Decoration on Outing Gown.

Severely makes but few gowns, but to these few there is a decided air of distinction, perhaps by way of contrast with their elaborate neighbors. Even the outing gowns are more elaborately decorated about the jacket, the vest or the collar, not in an ostentatious way, but nevertheless elaborate. One, a novel, as well as a decidedly chic costume, is made up of a heavy Scotch mixture in shades of brown and scarlet. The



perfectly plain and unusually wide skirt is lined throughout with rustling scarlet tulle made with a set of foot ruffles. The ripple coat is extremely short, as are most of this season's jackets, and is made up of the Scotch goods, with widely flaring revers, showing a broad vest of brilliant scarlet broadcloth, bordered with a band of tan-colored canvas, and all crossed over with strips of gold braid, ornamented

with flat gold buttons. As a contrast to a severe tailor gown of buff brown canvas made up over buff brown tulle, listening through its coarse meshes.

The sweeping skirt has a foot decoration of thick brown silk cords set in a double row, several inches from the bottom. The bodice is a smoothly-fitted affair, drawn closely into a belt of brown goods, with a buckle to match. A pointed yoke is simulated by rows of the cord, with shoulder decorations of the same. The full leg o' mutton sleeves are finished with a cord of the band.

### When a Doctor Is Not Near.

It is very often the case that at just the time one needs a medical man it is impossible to get him. A sick person may take a chill after the doctor has paid his call. Warm the patient at once. Fill strong bottles with hot water, placing them under the knees, at the feet, under the armpits. Give stimulants and cover with blankets. After he warms up, do not sweat him, but gradually remove the extra covering. Be sure to keep an even temperature in the sick room. This is most important at night and in the small hours of the morning. Always have hot water available in sickness of any kind. Anyone with the average intelligence can keep track of the pulse, temperature and respiration, so that in case of faintings or sinking spells he may know when to give stimulants. A bottle of brandy or good whisky, a rubber bag for hot water, and a can of ground mustard are the three first requisites for the family medicine closet. Always be prepared for emergencies.

### Fresh Air in the Bedroom.

In the daytime allow plenty of air, light and sunshine into your rooms, for even if it does injure the furniture and

## DOCTOR HARTMAN.

Offers Relief to Sick Women for the Asking.

It is at this time of the year when the weak, nervous woman is most pre-occupied and least able to perform the daily routine of duties which fall to her share. She has no ambition, and her work drags upon her at every step. It seems never to be completed, and she never feels able to go on with it. As a rule, she keeps bravely at it, often uncomplaining and patient, until she breaks completely down and can go no further. It is to these tired, listless, unhappy women that Dr. Hartman offers advice and encouragement free. If all such women will write to Dr. Hartman, giving a full account of their troubles, he will answer promptly free of charge and tell them what to take and what to do to make new women of themselves. His advice costs nothing, and the medicines are not expensive. Every woman who follows his advice is greatly benefited, and the great majority are completely restored to their youthful health and strength.

Every woman may have a copy of Dr. Hartman's book on female diseases. It is an invaluable book for the class of women to whom it is written. This book will be sent free to any woman by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

### An Intelligent Hen.

Speaking about chickens, a farmer said the other day: "I don't want to boast, but I do think we have got the knowiest hens in the world. I have a flock all black. It is a theory of mine that black hens lay better than those of any other color. One day I found a hen in my flock with a few white feathers in her tail. I called the hired man and told him to catch and kill her. You can't rely on the laying capabilities of a hen with white feathers," I said.

"The hen gave me a sorrowful look, but did not say a word. Next morning the hired man told me that he could not find her. A month or two later I opened a pile of potatoes I had stored in the cellar, and found a big, hollow space in the center of them. There was a bunch of black feathers in the place with three white ones standing up in a defiant sort of way. Behind the feathers were sixty-six eggs. I recognized at once that it was the work of the missing hen. The sensitive creature had stowed herself away and worn herself out laying eggs to prove my theory was a mistaken one."

### So Unnatural.

Mrs. Kentucky Colonel—What do you think is the matter with my poor dear husband, doctor?

Doctor—Water on the brain, ma'am. Mrs. Kentucky Colonel—Oh, dear, that is so dreadful. I don't know how it got there.—*Texas Sandwich*.

Lots of people are afraid of a cyclone who are not afraid of the devil.

### A PERFECT SHEEP DIP.

The improved method of extracting nicotine from tobacco enables sheep owners to escape the labor of hauling and boiling up the bulky stems when dipping is to be done. The concentrated nicotine makes a perfect sheep dip, as it is the best known stimulant for wool as well as sure death to all insects. If you intend dipping this year you cannot do better than write at once to the Skabara Dip Co., Station S., Chicago, for particulars.

### Diplomacy of Slang.

The man with an exceedingly earnest expression had spent a good deal of time explaining the drawing which showed how his flying machine was going to work.

"Now," he said to the patent attorney. "I want your candid opinion of that machine."

The attorney held the drawings off at arm's length and said:

"My friend, that is a remarkable machine. I think I may truthfully venture the opinion, without further inspection, that there are no flies on it."—*Washington Star*.

### Trolley Parallels.

The projectors of trolley parallels in the western states do not seem to be disturbed or restrained by serious opposition in the courts or elsewhere. In northern Ohio there are many long trolley roads which parallel existing steam roads, and others are soon to be constructed. In Michigan there is to be, before the end of the year, a trolley parallel ninety miles long. This will be all right if it is not the deadly parallel that makes an old speech by the side of a new one kill the candidate who made them both.

How we long for the rich rumble of a circus wagon.

### If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tested remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

The better a pie tastes, the worse it is for you.

Pearl's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 949 1/2 Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We have remarked that when a man cannot find work his wife can.

## Only

Think what a long train of diseases arise from impure blood. Then keep the blood pure with

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills are always reliable. 25 cents